

The Dana Show

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Summary: Dana Scully finds out her life is broadcast live to the world...

## The Dana Show

TITLE: The Dana Show (1/?) AUTHOR: Em HashimotoE-MAIL ADDRESS: dragonemi@aol.comRATING: PGCATEGORY: SRAKEYWORDS: Alternate universe. Mulder/Scully Romance.SUMMARY: Dana Scully finds out her life is broadcast live to the world, and that a maniacal creator controls her... (but truthfully, what's new??)DISTRIBUTION: Everywhere, just tell me and keep my name on it!FEEDBACK: Would be received with gusto!DISCLAIMER: ::::Ahem:::: Peter Weir's concept of being live to the world and not knowing it is not mine; it is his. (Chris' World): Chris Carter, John Shiban, Kim Manners, Frank Spotnitz, David Duchovny, Vince Gilligan, R.W. Goodwin, Mark Snow, Glen Morgan, James Wong, Sheila Larken and Rodney Rowland all belong to themselves. Hopefully. I used their names only in jest, so please, gods of 1013, don't be angry with me. (Dana's World): The Scully's, Bambi Berrenbaum, Detective White, Phoebe Green, Kristen Killar, Holly, Emily Sim, CSM, Walter Skinner, Ed Jerse and Fox Mulder do not belong to me; they belong to one or more of the intelligent gentlemen up there.

The Dana Show by Em Hashimoto

"Nothing about Dana is fake. She is genuine, protected by her world. As I like to say, the world is only what you perceive, what you want it to be. She perceives it as challenging. There's nothing that could change that." -Chris, Creator

"Hello, Chris. Pleasant morning, isn't it?"

Chris Carter ignored the editor and walked into the control room. Today was another day, number 12,537....

Dana Scully woke up with a start. She yawned and stretched, watching

the sun come up as usual.

It's funny, she thought. I thought the sun was slower than that.

She hit a button on her radio, and it turned on immediately to the beginning of "Real World" by Matchbox 20.

A smile spread across her face as she entered the shower. Today was another day, perfect as usual.....

Chris stared at the screen, ready to criticize. "Can't we make that a little more realistic? I mean, do you ever wake up in the beginning of a song? Isn't it usually a commercial? And the song? What, do you want her to find out?" The sound effects people buzzed with new wisdom, and ran to fix it for tomorrow's broadcast.

"And Kim? The sun does NOT come up in 3 seconds. Jesus, are we all tired this morning?"

Kim nodded somberly, then turned squirmy. "I was watching her all night, Chris. She was up late talking with Mulder, and well, one thing sort of led to another--"

"AND I WASN'T ALERTED?!?!?" he yelled.

"I didn't think it was very important. After all, it's natural."

"This," he said, pointing to the screen, "is not natural. She is, but he is not. Her world isn't natural, damnit! It's created! This wasn't in this week's outline. Was he improvising again? Goddamn it, when I get my hands on Duchovny--"

"Chris, I wrote it in. But David liked the idea," a lone voice said.

"Vince, how dare you!" Chris roared.

Vince shrugged. "That's what you get for putting me in charge of editing outlines, my friend."

Chris rolled his eyes, and glanced at Bob. "Is there anything we can do?"

R.W. Goodwin sighed and stared out at Annapolis. "Hmm.... we can make it into a dream."

Kim spoke up. "I'm afraid it's too late. She's already getting dressed--"

"But we can have David pretend it never happened--" Chris reasoned.

"And then she'll hate him for ignoring it. Then, Chris, she'll go postal. Is that good for ratings? You remember the last time when James and Glen wrote that outline with the tattoo. We had the lowest ratings ever, half a billion," Vince stated loudly.

Chris sighed and stared at Dana, getting breakfast ready. "Do

nothing. Let the chips fall where they may. But Frank, get Duchovny up here so I can talk with him."

Frank nodded and left. Chris shouted after him, "And a grande latte with whole milk!"

\_\_\_\_\_"Dana.... well, Scully as Mulder calls her.... she's a wonderful person, so full of life, so innocent. I think Mulder is in love with her. I'm pretty sure I'm in love with her, too. But, um, platonically. Anyway, her realism is touching. I wish her universe was in fact real; it would be a surreal, fantastic place, instead of just smoke and mirrors." -David Duchovny, "Fox Mulder" \_\_\_\_\_

"So, Scully, about last night," Chris whispered to David. David quickly repeated the words as Dana entered the office, facing so ButtonCam3 was fixed on her.

She looked up at him, a smile creeping onto her lips. "Yes?"

"I don't want to forget a minute. It was wonderful," Vince whispered. Chris shot him a dirty look, but he continued. "You mean so much to me, Dana. And the last thing I'd ever do to you is lie to you."

"I'd hate to forget anything about last night; it was wonderful." David paused, walking over to stand in front of Dana. "You mean so much to me, and you know I'd never lie to you."

She nodded.

"So I guess what I'm trying to say is -- goats are cool!" John cried.

"David, ignore that! Say you're confused, and wait for a response!" Chris yelled, shoving John out the door.

"Damnit, John! What came over you? You said you wouldn't talk about the cats and goats since that last episode."

Shiban hung his head in shame. "I'm sorry, I thought maybe Dana wanted to hear about goats."

"Well, she doesn't," Chris replied crisply.

By the time they got back into the room, Dana and Mulder were closely embracing, and everyone was had tears down their cheeks. Vince looked proud of himself, and that worried Chris, so he took over.

"Okay.... pan. Now close up.... Mark! Cue the music!.... PosterCam... and....." Mulder hugged Dana to him, then kissed her as the background music swept up into an emotional suite.

The room erupted in hugs and cheers. Another situation handled.

Chris slipped out, past the guards and the metal detector. Past the posters for the show, featuring Dana.

The Dana Show.

Dana Scully, Live.

He went into the large control room to watch her on the big screen. She walked with poise and grace, obvious of her upbringing by fine actors.

She was confident.

Confident that her life was hers.

And she would be wrong.

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"What no one really realizes is what a wonderful person Dana is. She's sweet, caring, and loyal. I only wish such a person existed outside of her world. Well, maybe they do exist, but they're far too sparse." -Sheila Larken, "Margaret Scully"

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"Okay, Chris. I'm here. What's up?" David asked, entering the creator's office, although he was sure he knew.

"David, you \*know\* why I wanted to see you," Chris replied, reminiscent of Charlton Heston in the Ten Commandments.

David Duchovny swallowed and smiled nervously. He did indeed.

"Look, Vince approached me, and said 'Let's try this'--"

"And what's rule number three, David?" Chris reprimanded.

He hung his head in shame. "'Don't listen to Vince Gilligan unless Chris said it's okay.' I know, I know. I'm sorry. It seemed like a good idea in the beginning..."

Chris sighed, staring down at the surfing magazine. What I wouldn't do for a surfboard right now, he thought. And some cognac.

"Okay, it's done with. But now we must deal with it. I have been outvoted to have Mulder leave. So he stays, and we'll decide what to do. I personally would like you two to forget about it, but apparently what I want is unimportant. The only thing that would work would be...." His voice had boomed, but at the end, it had become quiet.

"What? Chris? I didn't hear you."

"The only thing that would work would be further consummation," Chris replied in a firm tone.

Out of nowhere, Vince popped into Chris' office. "What did you say Chris? Did.... did I hear you say what I think you said?"

The creator turned towards the wall, staring down at Dana's world. "Yes. Go ahead, Vince, write the outline."

Since his back was to the writer, Chris did not see the ecstasy on the writer's face.

Vince grinned at his back and walked down the hallway to his office. This was going to be good.

He sat down at his laptop and started typing out the outline. When he was done, it totaled just three pages. Vince printed it out and nodded approvingly.

\_\_\_\_ "What do I think of Dana? Working with her was a challenge, different from most projects. And knowing what I'd have to do.... I felt pretty bad. But I got over it. I am a professional, after all." -Rodney Rowland, "Ed Jerse" \_\_\_\_\_

Dana walked outside to her car. She noticed it had begun to drizzle, but strangely, just on this side of the street. Her brain processed it for a minute, then let it go.

Suddenly, her phone rang. "Scully," she answered.

"Hey Scully, it's me. Wow, were you in that freak rainstorm? How it rained in certain spots, within feet? I just heard about it on the news," Mulder told her.

She climbed into her car and started it. "Yeah I was. I was wondering about it..."

"Oh. Okay, well I'll see you when we get to work. I have something to show you."

She smiled. "Okay."

"Bye.... I love you," he said sweetly.

"I love you, too."

Pressing the off button, she smiled self-consciously. Ever since they had made love, Mulder was acting normal. Okay, so normal like he took her out to dinner, gave her flowers, and kissed her. In other words, not normal for Mulder. Everything in her life seemed to be falling into place.

She started the car, turning on the radio as well. "Real World" by Matchbox 20 was playing quietly. She regarded the radio with a strange look. It seemed to be the only song ever playing.

"Damnit!" Chris shouted, throwing his bag of sunflower seeds across the control room. "Doesn't anyone listen to me?"

The room was silent as everyone exchanged knowing glances.

"Music, people? No, not Mark. But sound people, let's get us a song about not suspecting anything, and believing all your told. And sweet Jesus, I'm not going to even get into that crappy rainstorm!"

"Chris? Mr. Duchovny's calling for you," an assistant chirped to the director.

He grabbed the cell phone. "Yes. Is there a problem?"

"Yeah.... you want me to propose, right? I mean, Vince wrote it in, but about rule three--"

Chris sighed. "Yes. Ignore the rule today. Do it before I change my mind, okay?"

"Okay..... and I have to ask you something."

"Allright," The Creator said, rubbing his forehead. "What is it?"

"Why?"

"I was outvoted and -- oh, just do it."

He laughed. "I am. Here she comes! Bye."

Chris looked down at his city. Dana..... she was a challenge. Since she was about twenty, they had tried matching her with a husband. She just refused marriage. Seducing worked, but not for more than just sex.

Chris popped in pain killers. He couldn't believe she was being proposed to by Fox Mulder. Of all the people in her universe, she had to fall in love with him. Chris sighed, wandering into the control room. It was almost show time.....

"Chris, we're so glad you can join us. For those of you just tuning in, I'm interviewing the creator of The Dana Show, Chris, live from his office inside the moon, so to speak. Chris, there's something that I'm sure is on everyone's mind."

"Sure, go ahead, Kelly."

"I've heard rumors that Mulder will propose to Dana soon. Any truth to this?"

Chris shifted in his chair, sitting forward. Sighing at the camera, he responded carefully. "Truth.... something that's discussed frequently on the show. Whether this rumor is fiction or pure fact, I cannot say. I will say this, though. Dana loves Mulder, and Mulder loves Dana. It's a wonderful romance."

"Wonderful romance? What about Bambi and Detective White and Phoebe and Kristen and Ed..... are they simply roadblocks to make their relationship bumpy?"

"I suppose. They were basically plot devices."

"Thank you, Chris. Well, that's all for now. I'm Kelly Hauser, and this has been 'Chit Chat.' "

She stared deep into his eyes. "Mulder, I don't know."

"Dana, I know you love me as much as I love you. Why must you hide it?"

She shifted her eyes to the floor. "I'm not hiding anything. I just don't know, okay? Give me a minute." She stepped out of the room, glancing back at him one last time.

Dana walked down the hallway, when she bumped into Holly. "Dana!" she squealed with delight. "I just heard Mulder proposed. How wonderful is that? You know, marriage is perfect for you two. You're already so close."

Dana smiled. "Well, I'll think about it. I wanted to clear my head for a minute, though." She turned away from Holly and walked down the hallway.

"Not too much, Dana! Remember, he loves you!" Holly shouted after her. When she realized Dana was out of hearing range, she said clearly into her WatchCam29, "I don't think it worked. Send in reinforcements."

Dana kept on walking. Or at least, she tried. All of her co-workers were suddenly so concerned about her marriage to Mulder, even though for years she had been positive that marriage among partners was prohibited.

Out she walked until she hit Pennsylvania Avenue. She walked on and on until she reached the Potomac, sitting on a bench. All of a sudden, Mulder appeared with a shy smile plastered to his face.

"Mulder, how did you know I'd be here?" she asked.

"You always come here to think--" he reasoned.

"I haven't been here for four years. Out of anywhere in the universe I could go, how did you know I'd be here?"

He paused for a moment, staring at the river.

"Tell her..... tell her that you knew she'd be there, it was intuition," Vince said, glancing at Chris, who's disapproval was evident. Knowing he'd done his job, Vince continued on.

Sitting down, Mulder whispered the same words to her.

"Because when two people are as destined for each other as you and I, they have this sixth sense, allowing the other to know where they are. Oh, and also, tell her she smells like ambrosia. I don't know why, but that works with her," Vince instructed.

"Dana, my love--"

"Shut your mouth! Do not get mushy on me, Duchovny!" Chris shouted into his headset.

Vince glared at him. "Chris," he said evenly, "you said I could do this. Don't interrupt me. Keep your damn mouth shut and let me work!"

Chris, shocked, fell back into his chair. Stunned, he nodded. "Okay then," Vince said.

Meanwhile, David had been improvising.

"What did he say?" Vince asked Frank.

With tears in his eyes, Frank told Vince quickly. "He said he knew there was so much to overcome, but they could do it. Together. And he said he'd give her time.... excuse me, I'm a little emotional." Frank broke down in tears and ran out of the control room.

"She said yes!" Rob yelled before dissolving into hysterics.

Vince was dumbfounded. He'd have to give Duchovny credit now. Damn.

"Well, I suppose this marriage is a good thing. Good for ratings, anyway. But Dana will be happy. And that's a good thing." -Frank Spotnitz, Co-Executive Producer

"China patterns, wedding registers, gowns, tuxedos, a coordinator.... does this ever let up, Mom?" Dana asked weakly. She collapsed on her couch, still for a few minutes.

Her mother entered after her. Maggie Scully sat down next to her exhausted daughter and stroked her hair. "Sure, sweetheart. It'll all be over soon, and you can settle down in your house with your husband." Her eyes got a little misty. "I can't believe my baby is getting married."

Dana had been silent. "Yeah, well neither can I." She sat up to face her mother, not sure whether to tell her mother what she'd seen. "Mom, I thought I saw Missy today." Maggie raised her eyebrow, and Dana continued. "When we were crossing the street going into the caterer's, I swear it was her. I passed her.... She was even wearing the same perfume she always has. But when I looked back a second later, she was gone. She just vanished."

She sat there for a moment, not fully comprehending it until now. "Sweetie, you might've thought you saw Melissa. Remember that Christmas at Bill's? You said that's happened before--"

"No, Mom. I saw Missy in Emily. This was \*Missy\*, " Dana interrupted emphatically.

"Damnit, what are we gonna do?" John yelled. Everyone else was so tired from staying up to watch Dana and Mulder have kinky sex, so John was assigned the job of keeping watch for the day. He quickly called Chris.

"Chris, hey, it's John. Um, Dana went shopping today with her Mom--"

"Get on with it, John! I'm losing sleep," Chris growled.

"Right. Okay, so Dana said she saw Melissa. Her sister."

Clunk.

"Chris? Are you there?"

"Yeah, I dropped the phone. And was it Melinda?"

"We had her escorted off the set quickly, but Dana saw her. She just

said so."

"Crap. I just turned it on. Get Sheila to completely disagree. I'll be there in two minutes. Call everyone, I've got a plan. And John?"

"Yeah?"

"Don't do anything else."

"Yes, sir."

"So what do you think?" Dana asked, twirling her best in four inch heels.

"I think you look beautiful, but what's new?" Mulder said, advancing on her. He pulled her into his arms, kissing her neck.

"Mulder, you're going to wrinkle my gown," she said, half pushing him away, half goading him on.

"Tomorrow, love, I intend to wrinkle that dress so badly you won't be able to wear it again. By the way, you won't right?"

She shook her head. "Probably not."

"Hey," he mumbled indignantly. "So tomorrow you'll be Mrs. Mulder."

"Actually, tomorrow I'll be Ms. Scully."

He pulled away suddenly. "You're not changing your name?"

Dana smiled at him. "I like my name. What's wrong with my name?"

Mulder laughed nervously. "Nothing, honey, I love your name. But women change their name when they get married. My mother did, your mother did--"

"So? My mother had four kids, yours had two, and that ain't happening to me," she reasoned.

He smiled wearily. "Okay, dear. Whatever you want." He sighed. This wasn't in the outline, and this wasn't what was advised....

A knock on the door knocked them out of their private little premarital universe. Dana got up, but realized her attire. She started towards the bedroom. "Get the door. I'll be out in a minute after I change."

Mulder opened the door and got the biggest shock of his life. One of them, at least. David Duchovny, on the other hand, was not shocked. He had known it all along.

"Who is it?" Dana called from the bedroom.

Mulder ushered her inside and quickly sat her down. She opened her mouth to speak, but Mulder held up his hand and shook his head, no. "Dana, honey, there's someone here to see you," Mulder replied.

She came out with her head in a book. Casually, she glanced up.

Frozen, she saw Melissa sitting there. Her sister stared at her, her dark eyes glazed over. "Missy," Dana whispered, promptly dropping the book.

"Let's make this a beautiful moment, people," Chris said clearly. Finally, Vince had called it a day. He had been working for days without breaking, so Chris was relieved and happy when Vince had gone home to get a few hours sleep. "Now, Melissa, explain to her what we went over. Polish it up, and we'll have great moment."

Taking her younger sister into her arms, Melissa grasped her tightly.

"I thought I'd never see you again," Dana sobbed, dampening her sister's shirt.

"Okay, Mel, start the monologue," Chris demanded. "Cue the moon, turn up the heat in the apartment, and let's get some mood music."

"My death was faked, Dana. They took me away. My name was changed, I didn't know what had happened to me.... all I knew was that I was needed with you." She stopped to console her sister, who was now sniffling in Mulder's arms. Melissa stared deeply at her sister. "I'm glad I'm home."

As the two sister's sank into each other's arms, Chris sighed and threw an outline across the room. Cheers had grown silent, as all asked a silent question of why.

"Sorry. I just felt like throwing something," Chris mumbled as he started out the door. He needed some sleep, because tomorrow was the big day. Before he left, he pulled Rob aside. "Rob, cover the fort? I'm afraid she might get cold feet tonight." Rob nodded as he studied the monitor.

After Melissa settled in the guest room, Dana entered her bedroom, closing the door silently. She stared at her fiance, and glanced in the mirror. Carefully studying her face, she smoothed her fingers over her cheeks. Quickly, and as quietly as possible, she slipped out of the room with one last look at Mulder.

Rob Bowman had been snoring. Everyone was getting energized for the big day, and he was, in Chris' words, 'covering the fort.'

She stepped outside of her apartment building, ready to leave. Dana started the car, and sped away.

He suddenly stirred in his sleep. Mulder turned towards the green digits of the clock and sat up. Where is she? he thought. He jumped up, and prowled around the apartment. Entering the guest room, he shook Melissa. "Get up," he said. "I think she left."

"Oh, you are kidding me," she mumbled, her brain tired and not fully awake. Mulder shook his head and grabbed his cell phone.

BRIIIINGGGG.....BRIIIINGGG

"Hello?" Rob whispered sleepily.

"Well, look who's gone? Take a wild guess, Rob!" Rob promptly fell out of his chair.

"Mulder, I'll take care of this. You go looking for her with Melissa, I'll call the police. We'll find her," he replied convincingly.

He \*really\* didn't want to call Chris.

"So now what?" Melissa asked loudly. "We've been looking for three hours. She couldn't have gotten far. And why can't a damn camera find her? There are two thousand...." Dana had left a short note, saying she needed some time, and would be back in a couple of days.

"We have to find her," he replied, turning into Maggie Scully's driveway. They ran up the stairs.

Banging on the door, Mulder shouted to Maggie. She appeared, her eyes half closed and her robe clutching at her body. "Melissa, Fox, it's three A.M. My baby's getting married tomorrow--"

"You mean she's not here?" Melinda asked, her eyes wide open. Maggie shook her head.

"I told her she should stay here. It's bad luck for the groom to see the bride in her gown, but she wouldn't listen," Maggie explained.

"She's gone, Maggie. She just disappeared," Mulder said, running back to his car. Calling to her, "We have to find her. Soon."

The car squealed off and Maggie went inside. Just then, someone came in the back door. Scared, she walked quietly to the kitchen. The light went on and....

"Ahh! Dana! Lord Almighty, you scared me," she shrilled at her youngest daughter.

"Mom, I'm sorry. I just needed to escape. I figured you'd be asleep, and then I could just sleep in my old bed one last time." Dana sat down at the table, her face buried in her hands. "And what are you doing up at three o'clock in the morning?" she asked, not moving from her position.

Maggie sat down next to her. "Fox and Melissa just stopped by. They were looking for you, sweetheart. You scared Fox to death."

Dana pulled her head up, propping her chin on the table. "I'll bet he was," she replied bitterly. Maggie sat down and stared into her daughter's eyes. "Dana, honey, talk to me. What's going on?"

She was silent. For a moment, she closed her eyes. "Cold feet, I suppose. But I'm fine now." She sighed, opening her eyes to stare back at her mother. "Ready to start the rest of my life with my wonderful husband."

Dana paused again. "I'm tired, and I have a big day tomorrow. I'm

gonna go upstairs to sleep, okay?" She gave her mother a small smile, then went upstairs to bed.

Maggie smiled into thin air, at not particularly anything. Staring into the StoveCam182, she quietly said, "I think she'll be okay. I just hope she calms down by tomorrow."

Rob breathed a sigh of relief. He felt good about managing an emergency, and sat back to smoke a cigar. The phone rang, and he briskly answered.

"Robert," the voice said calmly.

"Yes?" he replied cautiously.

"WHAT IN THE HELL WERE YOU THINKING?! WHY WASN'T I CALLED?!?!" Chris inhaled and exhaled a few times, then calmed down slightly. "I turn on the damn TV and see Dana running away on her wedding night. Why couldn't you stop her?"

"Uh, well, I sort of nodded off--"

"Nodded off? Vince was on for three days straight and you can't handle a few night hours?"

"Chris, I did this as a favor to you. I don't have to be up in the middle of the night watching her. I'm a director, damnit!" Rob proclaimed.

"Yeah, yeah, yeah. Don't fall asleep again, and call me when she wakes up. Today's a big day. Almost as big as when Lucy had Little Ricky. Nah, this is bigger."

Rob glanced at Dana's sleeping form. "Right. Well, see you tomorrow. Get plenty of sleep, boss."

Chris hung up quietly, as not to disturb his wife. Climbing out of bed, he went to stare out at her world. What a wonderful life she leads. She has respect, commitment, a stable life..... me, he thought bitterly.

As Chris was pondering her exsistance, Dana pondered hers as well. Something's going down, she thought, raising her head to stare out at the full moon and the perfect, twinkling stars. Something's going down....

"So my life is fake. Make believe," she repeated slowly.

"No, Dana. Your life is yours, but it's also mine. I help make your life the way it is," he replied.

"Oh, so \*you're\* the one to blame. Thanks a lot. Jesus, all my life I've had so many things go wrong. But if you've been controlling it, I suppose it's you."

Dana was sitting having a conversation. It looked like Heaven, but more like a movie set. She was sitting with a man who reminded her of a Surfing magazine editor, but she wasn't sure who ....

"I control nothing. I simply watch you interacting with others and

situations. Then I do what I have to do to make it interesting."

"How could you create a life that wasn't your own? How could you possibly think that it's your place to make someone's life?" she asked angrily.

"Conception is creating a life. And yes, it is my place, Dana, because I am God...."

Dana shook herself. What a weird dream, she thought as she glanced at the clock. Five more minutes, she decided, rolling over.

Maggie entered Dana's room. So many years she'd been Dana's mother.... Sheila had been long since forgotten. Never Sheila, always Maggie. But she was content with being Maggie Scully. Fans of the show looked up to her, putting her mothering skills on a pedestal. She stared down at Dana's sleeping form, restlessly shifting in an attempt to be comfortable.

Quietly tip-toeing out, she shut the door and prepared for her big day. Speaking to no one, and yet everyone around the world watching her every move, she voiced her thoughts. "Dana, my dear..... I'm proud."

Chris wiped his eyes, their sockets filled with tears of accomplishment. An air hung about the control room. Somewhat of a pregnant aura, yet not expectant, for every move would be carefully guided under the careful guide of Chris and his team.

Mulder paced nervously. This was it. This would be the moment of his life.... well, not really HIS life. His character's life. Mulder was about to be the happiest man alive. But was David?

David had been lost six years ago when introduced to The Dana Show. Ever since then, he had been Mulder. Never David, just Mulder. That fact both relieved him and angered him, but mostly the latter.

Melissa rose, tired from the late night excursion, yet excited for the big day. She glanced at her soon to be brother-in-law through the doorway. He was pacing nervously, anxious. "Stop, please?" she requested. "You're giving off bad karma."

Mulder ignored for a moment, then raised his head from his pacing to stare at her. Without a word, he stomped towards her to slam the door shut.

Self-consciously, she stared in the mirror at herself. The white gown was a simple dress, a simple white satin bodice with a fluffy chiffon skirt. Swirling around the layers of her skirt, she stared absentmindedly at the wall holding pictures of her family, wistfully staring at her father's picture.

Oh, Ahab, she thought. Why can't you be here? I always thought you'd see the day that I got married. Well, then I was sure I never would... Her train of thought ended when she saw something. Something that freaked her out, just a little.

A small camera, the size of a dime, implanted in the wall.

"Oh, my God! Chris....." Rob shouted, almost frozen in his seat.

"Yes?" he said, running to the director's side.

"She found WallCam47! She just looked straight at it, and now she's trying to get it out. Jesus, she knows...." Chris exhaled slowly, then put his hands on Rob's shoulders. Everyone in the control room hovered around the screen, anxious and scared.

"Relax, Rob. Nothing is wrong. Just get Maggie up there." Chris moved out of the control room, completely stressed. He could put up a calm front, but this situation was most definitely not the ideal one. He pulled out his cell phone. "Hey, it's me. Please have a bottle of aspirin in my office with some Jack Daniels. And maybe a prescription of Prozac? I'm gonna need it."

"Dana, sweetheart, it's almost time to go.... honey, what are you doing?" Maggie spluttered, her surprise evident. Dana was digging through the wall with her father's Swiss army knife.

"I don't know how you never noticed it. Hell, I don't know how I missed it either. Mom, look. It's a camera. I just.... I can't believe it." She removed it from the wall, staring intently at it. "I wonder where it came from," she added.

Maggie glanced around nervously. The usual stutter of conversation in her ear piece was vacant. All she heard was that damn Marvin Gaye song.... and then, it came to her what to say. "Dana, your dress! Stop poking around in the wall, for heaven's sake." She walked closer to her daughter, checking her dress for any dirty spots.

"But, Mom.... there's a camera in your wall. Aren't you the least bit curious where it came from?" Dana said, moving away from her mother to study the camera in the light.

"Of course. But I know you'll find out later. Right now, you've got to get married! Now, scoot. I'll be out in a minute. And fix your eyeliner, dear. I think it's smudged," Maggie announced, quickly pushing her daughter out of the room.

Shutting the door, she began putting the finishing touches on her hair and makeup, speaking quietly to everyone in the control room. "What did you want me to do? I could've used some help."

Listening through the door, Dana's eyes widened with shock. Who was her mother talking to? Had she finally lost it? Hearing her mother's footsteps approaching the door, she backed away, tiptoeing downstairs.

Mulder sighed, waiting. And then, his breath caught in his throat. He saw her, calmly adjusting her veil. How beautiful she looked, he thought. How much I want to spend the rest of my life with her.

She saw him then, gazing at her, his eyes filled with adoration and love. Dana smiled at him, but she was quickly ushered away as they closed the doors.

Her mind was a slight battlefield; one part was thinking of her

happiness to come. The other, however, was still thinking about the camera in her mother's bedroom wall. Dana remembered when there was a camera in Mulder's ceiling, but why her mother's house? It just didn't make sense.

Chris held his breath and stared affectionately at the screen. She looked beautiful. And for all those times he felt ready to go into Dana's world and strangle her, a sense of fatherly pride washed over him, making this entire experience worthwhile.

"Are you ready?" Maggie asked, tugging on her daughter's arm and pulling her to the aisle. Dana simply nodded, her brain still trying to understand about the camera. Who was watching her mother? And why would they do that to her mother? It just wasn't making sense.

Dana's breath caught in her throat when she saw him. Something about his body carefully wrapped in a tuxedo.....

Walter Skinner had never looked better in his life. Then her gaze settled on her husband to be, his face nervous. But when his eyes looked into hers, he smiled and appeared to be placid. It was almost as her look calmed him down, like a tranquilizer.

Her eyes quickly panned away, for she had no desire to be anyone's tranquilizer. Dana looked down at her dress, smoothing out invisible lines. The music began.....

.....and Chris held his breath. No more games. Dana Katherine Scully had matured into a beautiful, intelligent woman. He couldn't be more proud of this lovely woman if he had participated in the conception himself. Well, he sort of had. After all, he'd made the deal.

"Chris," Vince whispered, leaning over to speak to Chris so no one would hear him. "Do you want CSM in there? Bill's all ready, just needs your word."

The creator glanced at the monitor, his eyes glassy. "No, leave him out. This is Dana's day, she deserves this peacefully," he replied, his eyes never leaving her figure walking slowly down the aisle, ready to meet her fate. And, of course, the highest ratings they'd ever seen. There was, after all, that to think of.

The wedding service passed quickly, with no problems; one angry brother-in-law provided the only discomfort of the wedding. The bride and groom escaped to the limo once the photos were taken to go to the banquet hall.

Pulling back from a long kiss, Dana stared at her husband, looking intensely into his eyes. "I want to know something," she whispered. Mulder nodded, his face curious.

"Is all of this real?"

The creator groaned inwardly, choosing not to begin a string of obscenities, instead speaking calmly into the microphone. "Mulder, what I want is for you to laugh. Tell her, yes, this is all real. I know how it must feel, but this really happened. You have me."

The others of the production staff glanced at Chris, wondering when he'd become so romantic and sentimental. He shrugged, and commanded, "Vince'll take over. I have to make sure the banquet hall is prepped with cameras." With that, the creator exited the room.

"Honey? Did you hear what I said?" Dana asked, looking into Mulder's eyes.

"Yes, this is real. I know, doesn't it seem that this could never happen to us? That we'd never find peace?" he said, leaning in to kiss Dana's neck.

Vince glanced at the monitor, and chose his words wisely. "Mulder, that, uh, wasn't what Chris instructed."

"I mean," Mulder continued, "We're finally able to have happiness. It just seems so.... so...." He stared at his wife, searching for the word to complete his sentence.

"Unbelievable?" Dana supplied.

"Well, I was going to say, final. But unbelievable, that works too," he mumbled, pressing his face into her chest, leaving a trail of kisses there.

Vince sighed. "Can he control his goddamn hormones for five minutes? She wants to talk, idiot! If she's skeptical about the realism of her life now, imagine what \*this\* will do," Vince said, shaking his head in annoyance. "And why isn't he listening to me? This is ridiculous."

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"I couldn't be happier for them. I mean, I've been enticed by the prospect of them as a couple for a while, and to finally just see them at peace is wonderful." -Rob Bowman,  
Director

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The rest of the day became a blur for the newlyweds, but the bride was having some difficulty. Her mind was a stew, still thinking of the camera in the wall. The sudden reappearance of her sister. And Mulder's odd, jumbled message he had said to her in the limo.

While she danced with her husband, and she drank, and kissed relatives, her mind remained on what she didn't know. And what she yearned to find out.

"....that, I think, was when I knew I loved you," she said, moving her head to rest on Mulder's chest. He wrapped his arms around her waist, pulling the blanket carefully across their bodies.

"I gave you a video and you were in love? If I'd have known, I'd have bought some more," he dead panned.. She smiled, but shifted out of his arms.

"What's wrong?" he asked, rubbing her arm. "C'mon, love. Tell me what's bothering you."

"Sometimes I feel like you don't want to be with me."

Mulder kissed her on the head, turning to put his arm over her.  
"That's not true. I love being with you," he assured her.

She ignored his smile and asked bluntly, "Why did you propose to me?"

"Because.... it's the most honorable thing. We fornicated--"

She rolled her eyes, then stared into his eyes, hoping to find some answer. "All right. Be honest with me." Dana stuck out her hand for him to shake. "Dana Scully. And you are?"

Mulder laughed nervously, and kissed her cheek, putting her hand back to her side. "Honey, what are you talking about?" She sighed, laying back down again quickly.

Dana looked him squarely in the eye. "I know. Whoever you are, I know. I understand. Just tell me this. Am I on television? Live television?"

end The Dana Show (1/?).

End  
file.